

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER.

For the Rights of the Mountain People of Kentucky—Not Their Wrongs.

VOLUME 2. NUMBER 27.

SALYERSVILLE, MAGOFFIN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1913.

WHOLE NUMBER 79.

\$213,200 for a Road.

"Seems to me the country's gone mad about taxes," exclaimed one of the men at the store.

"That's right, I saw an article in THE MOUNTAINEER about a new tax for State aid for road building. It read mighty fine; but I smelled higher taxes behind it o. k."

"I sometimes wish I had been born seventy-five years ago, before State aid and lots of fool tax schemes had got started. What do you say, Uncle Bill?"

The old gentleman addressed smiled good humoredly, scratched his bald spot, and narrowed his pale gray eyes, before he said, "Well, I don't know. You youngsters always talk about things as if they was brand new."

"Well, Uncle Bill, I never heard of State aid for roads in Kentucky before, did you?"

"There's a thousand and one things you ain't heard of, I reckon. I know one thing for sure, and that is that this pike that runs through the county from Mayville to Lexington was built with State aid money a' right."

"Is that so?"

"Sure it's so. Why in 1831 the state voted money for building hard roads. The state employed an engineer and a whole lot of other men, and they built some fine roads. Course, I ain't old enough to remember all this; but I've heard men talk that helped build that road. You see, State aid is eighty-two years old anyway; and I reckon it's a sight older than that."

"Uncle Bill, how much money did Kentucky, the State of Kentucky, pay on that road from Mayville to Lexington?"

"It was \$213,200 in six years, and in that time they built sixty-four miles of road."

"Did that \$213,100 foot the whole bill for that road?"

"Nope, that was just about one half of the cost. Roads came high then because all the the metal on the road was hand broke; and the blasting out of that metal had to be done with old-fashioned tools and black powder. You can figure that out and you'll find that road cost almost \$6,700 a mile to build."

"Gee whis, we could build a road like that now for about \$4,000, couldn't we?"

"Sure we could. I tell you fellers folks is always growling and I reckon they always will, especially about taxes."

"But, Uncle Bill, you forget we have county engineers and a state engineer and a lot of office holders and experts and things to pay without State aid."

"There you go again. What'd I tell you about folks grumbling. Why, in 1837 the chief engineer got a salary of \$5,000 and he had two assistant engineers at \$3,000 each. Besides there were nine other experts who got about \$12,500. So you see, seventy-six years ago this state paid in salaries for men to develop, inspect and construct roads, \$24,500. I reckon you'll agree with me that those men built some good roads all right?"

"Yes they did; and the roads are still fine."

"Didn't they make your land and mine worth more money?"

"Yes."

"Now listen to me. Don't get in the habit of grumbling about a tax just because it is a tax. If it'll make land more valuable, don't say a word. If you must grumble, grumble when you're sure a tax ain't being spent right; but don't grumble because it is a tax."

Means as Much in Magoffin County, Too

Every intelligent person now recognizes the truth of the germ theory of disease. Where there are no germs there is no disease. People may grow old and die of old age, but if there be no germs there will be no sickness. The recognition of this truth has enabled the medical profession to reduce the ratio of deaths greatly, and some diseases have practically disappeared. Smallpox is a disease of history, except among those who refuse to be treated, or among those who have no opportunity for treatment. Typhoid—which is far worse than smallpox or any other disease known to men—has lost much of its danger since the profession has learned to prevent it by medical treatment and by sanitation.

In many places we still find people who live in utter disregard for the simplest rules of sanitation. It is not uncommon to find wells which are so located that they are drains for the filth of horses, cattle and other lots, and even of hog pens. Such conditions ought not to exist, but they do exist, and the family of the ignorant or hard-headed man suffers; sometimes there are deaths as results of such folly.

A well near to any place where filth is produced is dangerous. Water sinks into the earth and is drained into such wells and results are all bad. The water may be clear and sparkling and yet be full of disease germs. A drop may contain millions of typhoid germs and yet be as clear as crystal. Such water is not fit for use, and even for irrigation may be means of spreading contagious disease by poisoning the earth.

A man we know had a well near his horse lot. The water was clear and sparkling. One of his children had typhoid and a physician was called. The water was examined and found to be full of typhoid germs and unfit for use. The owner refused to discontinue use of the water, and said "such nonsensical stuff could not fool him. He knew his well was as good as could be had anywhere, and he would not lose a good well for any such nonsensical beliefs of doctors." The child did not get well, and soon two others were sick with typhoid. Then two of the adults became afflicted, and when there had been three deaths this owner became convinced that his well was poisoned and filled up the well and had one bored, away from contamination.

Here was a case of misfortune directly the result of ignorance and folly. The well too close to a lot or other place where filth is produced is always dangerous. In one case under our observation a man dug a hole within a few feet of his well and permitted his hogs to wallow in it, and here, too, there was much sickness.

It is important to have pure air, and also important to have pure water and pure food. When food is cooked many of the dangers are avoided, but water is not cooked for drinking, and all of the disease-producing germs in it are carried into the body to produce disease and death. It is as sensible to take poison in any other form as to drink disease-bearing water.—Farm and Ranch

To the Voters of Magoffin County.

This is to certify that I hold a State Certificate which does not expire until 1921. I am entitled to hold the office of County Superintendent under it. Any information to the contrary should be regarded by the public as absolutely false.

Yours for Education,
Adv. S. S. ELAM.

Our Hat's Riding the Wind, Colonel.

Emin Elam has never posed as a quick-change artist—leastwise not on the billboards. But the change he effected in one week in the appearance of THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER, published at Salyersville, demonstrates that he is a typographical artist in the past-master's degree. Should he continue to improve that paper in the coming weeks as he did the first week he had charge it will soon rank with any paper in the State, and to help him attain that standard of excellence the people of Magoffin county should give him support.—Editorial in the Hazlet Green Herald.

Great Oil Boom in Morgan County.

The Kentucky petroleum fields furnished some large strikes during last week, the best of which is a 400-barrel completion in the new district in Morgan county. The strike is the best of the summer. It is located some distance in advance of the proven area and was drilled by Kentucky operators, being one of a group of good wells drilled since the first of the year. Late reports tell of a satisfactory settled yield from this big producer, and it will undoubtedly inspire much new work in the territory outlying. In addition to the gusher Morgan county contributed four strikes of smaller caliber, ranging from twenty-five to fifty barrels daily. These wells are all in the Cannel City neighborhood, the scene of the first strike in the county. The depth ranges from 1,600 to 1,700 feet.

Roads Enhance Value of Property.

Improving country roads has enhanced the value of property bordering on such roads so that the cost of improvement is equalized, if not exceeded, says the Department of Agriculture in a bulletin issued last week. The department has gathered a mass of data through the office of public roads, which is making a special study of the economic effect of road improvement. According to the information, land values not only have increased but farm values as well show marked advances as a result of road improvement.

Turkish Postage Stamps.

Because of a passage in the Koran forbidding the making of images, Turkish postage stamps have no picture, but bear instead the sign manual of the sultan, which is, in fact, an impression of his imperial hand. This signature is said to have had its origin with the Sultan Murad I, who, on completing a treaty with the Italian republic of Ragusa in 1355, and being unable to sign his name, applied ink to his open hand and slapped it upon the parchment.

My Symphony.

To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and weakly, not rich; to study hard, think quickly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and songs, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common—this is to be my symphony.—Channing.

Maddling Stage Directors.

In a recent lawsuit regarding the ownership of a play a stage director testified that in thirty-two years' theatrical experience he had never heard of a play being produced as originally written. "The chief duty of a stage director," he said, "is maddling with manuscripts. I have even heard of stage directors who tried to improve on Shakespeare by retamping his works."

That Boy Again.

The Boy (company present)—"Mother, will the dessert hurt me to-night, or is there enough to go round?"—London Opinion.

Take your home paper!

John Johnson's Weekly Letter.

Intoxicated unto foolishness and insanity by Dryden-like inspiration and conglomerated imagination and Poe-like white-lightning that was distilled upon our own beautiful vineclad and dewy mountains at this dead and solemn epoch of midnight, when the gruesome, nigger-like blackness is piercing and knifing asunder the silvery waves of an ocean of moonshine, my profundity of shallow intellectuality totes me, Pegasus-like, around and across and thru and about and amid the aerial, celestial and ethereal bogs of visionary and moaning realms of nothingness, and skimming over which with fiendish wings and angelic throats of heart-bursting and soul-tearing grandeur of political scheming I doubly hope to turn your wig pale as ashen cheesecloth and thwart your physiognomy wry as the mischief with my selfish and utterly bombastic triangular and circumstantial pyramids of my command of the hazardous muse that only favors the single genius who stands and gallops and toils and moils and boils and foils and coils and royals for the constitution, by-laws and rules and regulations of sociology in Magoffin county, which was christened as a memorial monument to Boss Magoffin, who is about one-fourth worshipped by the denizens of said county, which, again, boasts of only one newspaper, KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER, but that, odds fish! is quite sufficient, for curse me if it ain't getting to be the most wonderful and most up to snuff publication this side of Poor Dick's Almanic, which was founded and printed on a Gutenberg contraption by Ben Franklin, for whom THE MOUNTAINEER's editor's father's uncle's old acquaintance's bird dog was named, and that fool canine's picture is sculptured in stately image upon the journalistic heart of Editor Emin Elam, who has fallen from those lofty and dizzy heights which I was soaring a while ago and gazing aloof on the the new state we are going to build as it undulated to and fro and backward and hence to doctor up our journalism and revert our flood of news from floating off on desert air.

As sure as the universe is flat and is supported by Ajax, Atlas and Apollo, I'll be everlastingly swiggered and shot full of auger holes if the above perpendicular statement of parallel phraseology concerning THE MOUNTAINEER ain't as true as an autumnal sweetheart wooed in the spicy breezes of July. But, Mr. Editor, as it were and as it weren't, I'm a son-of-a-gun if I entail and curtail your subscription ledger by revoking my chaotic and notorious title if you absolutely and desperately and maliciously refuse to support and boom our advocacy and agitation for a new state of enlightenment, to be entirely surrounded by an abyss of ignorance. I have bolted the Transgressive ticket, and you're hereby subsidized to announce my candidacy for Misrepresentation, subject to the reaction of Royalists. Some other blame fool (I forget his name) is my opponent, and we have just held an inter-commerce caucus, when we disagreed to expatriate rot-gut and coin, determining to run altogether upon our dignity, cheek and gall. I'll beat him if I have to retort to a poker!

My thots are getting into such a fix and whirl that I am becoming beastly sick and looney, and hoping this will find you all the same, I am as nevermore,
The identical, self-same old
RUE JOHNSON.

Epitome of Kentucky News

James K. Edwards, aged seventy-four years, of Russellville, met a horrible death Thursday in a runaway. He was thrown from a wagon and literally torn up.

A special term of the Letcher Circuit court convened at Whitesburg Monday, Judge John S. Butler, of Pikeville, presiding. It is expected that the congested condition of the docket will be cleared absolutely.

Several months ago J. Matt Webb, of Mayking, in Letcher county, sued his wife, Lula Webb, for divorce. The divorce was granted. The latter part of last week she went to Whitesburg and were remarried.

The large stock barn owned by Granville Cecil, of Danville, was destroyed by fire Saturday. The barn was one of the largest and finest in Central Kentucky. Five hundred barrels of corn, other feed and a large amount of machinery were consumed. The loss is estimated at \$10,000.

Safelowers Saturday morning attacked the safe in the office of the Standard Oil Company at Covington. With the aid of nitro glycerin and other equipment they lifted the safe door from its hinges and secured \$225 in cash and \$23 in checks. On March 22 the same office was entered by yeggmen and the safe blown.

William T. Thompson, fifty, of near Mt. Sterling, killed himself Saturday. He had been acting strangely for several days. He secured a pistol after dinner and went as if, saying he would kill a rabbit for his daughter, who was ill. Later he was found unconscious by a neighbor, having shot himself in the mouth, the bullet coming out of his head.

Deputy Sheriff J. D. Bush, of Clark county, last week summoned a special venire of eighty men in Madison county from which to secure a jury to try the cases of J. F. Deaton, Dock Smith and Andrew Johnson, charged with conspiracy to kill Ed Callahan, of Breathitt county, and M. C. Smith, charged with perjury, growing out of the former trials. The trials began Monday.

Following the leadership of Harry Hearne, district organizer, the street car men now affiliated with the recently organized union Saturday morning refused to take the city cars out of the barns, tying up the entire system in Lexington. After a slight delay interurban cars were started on all lines running out of city, crews consenting to take out the cars if afforded ample protection.

At the request of the Board of Health of Winchester the experiment station at Lexington sent John W. McFarland to inspect the slaughter houses in Clark county. He condemned those outside the city limits, and the Board of Health has notified them that they cannot sell meat in Winchester until the State inspector pronounces their plants in sanitary condition.

Over thirty-seven years ago Esquire E. Brayfield, of Nicholasville county, caught a terrapin and cut on its shell his name and the date, May 2, 1876. The terrapin has just been found again, this time by Herman Snapp, and it has the name and date distinctly upon its shell. Mr. Brayfield states that the terrapin was found within 100 yards of the place where he caught it thirty-seven years ago.

Last week a review of ten years' work in educational development

in Kentucky was given in an address before the National Educational Association, prepared by T. J. Coates, supervisor of rural schools for the State, and read by Prof. J. G. Crabbe. Prof. Coates attributed this awakening in large part to the improvement of the teaching force due to the establishment of normal schools.

The Louisville & Nashville passenger station at Bowling Green was badly damaged by fire last week. For nearly two hours the fireman battled with the flames. The white waiting-room, dining-room and kitchen and express office were so badly damaged as to temporarily make them useless for service. The fire originated from a defective flue in the kitchen. The loss was about \$3,000.

Moritz Mayer, for the past twenty-nine years buyer and department manager for J. Bacon & Sons, of Louisville, will leave Saturday for a two-months' visit to his parents and early home in Baden, Germany. He came to this country when twenty-one years old, and has not seen his father, mother, sisters or brothers for a period of thirty-one years. He has kept in constant correspondence with his family, however, and anticipates with great delight his coming visit.

While testing the well in the courthouse yard at Sebree last Saturday for the purpose of seeing if it would supply sufficient water for a miniature water works plant, fish to the length of three inches were pumped out. The fish were alive, but the species is unknown, as they are not like any fish found in open streams. It has been the belief there for a long time that the courthouse was directly over a subterranean water course, and live fish coming out of the well and the fact that a large pump propelled by a gasoline engine failed to lower the water strengthens the theory.

Secretary Graham of Warren County Strawberry Growers' Association, has made public the authenticated report of the season's crop. The gross sale of berries thru the association was \$116,146.74, and the total crop was 55,667 crates. It required 155 cars to carry the production to the northern markets. The crop as a whole sold at the average of \$2.08 per crate, while the best berries averaged \$2.25. The great part of the yield of Warren county was of the choicest berries, the XXX brand equaling 49,507 crates of Aronas and Gandys, 4,026 crates of XX grade of the same berries, and 1,686 crates of Klondykes. The season was a most profitable one, but was cut short fully 25 per cent by drouth.

Better Than Spanking.

Spanking will not cure children of wetting the bed, because it is not a habit but a dangerous disease. The C. H. Rowan Drug Co., Dept. 2461 Chicago, Ill., have discovered a strictly harmless remedy for this distressing disease and to make known its merits they will send a 50c package securely wrapped and prepaid Absolutely Free to any reader of The Mountaineer. This remedy also cures frequent desire to urinate and inability to control urine during the night or day in old or young. The C. H. Rowan Drug Co. is an Old Reliable House write to them to-day for the free medicine. Cure the afflicted member of your family, then tell your neighbors and friends about this remedy.—Adv.

At Times.

Ted—"Do you believe that woman should hold the reins?" Ned—"It is all right when you have the girl out in a sleigh."—Judge.

Take your county paper and be happy.

Kentucky Mountaineer.

Entered as second class matter January 12, 1912, at the postoffice at Salyersville, Ky., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.



Advertising Rates Quoted Upon Request of Prospective Advertisers.

EMIN ELAM, Editor and Publisher.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to make the following announcements, subject to the Republican primary:

County Judge.

L. C. BAILEY, Falcon.
W. J. PATRICK, Salyersville.
DOC G. HOWARD, Sublett.
W. A. MAY, Salyersville.

County Superintendent.

S. S. ELAM, Salyersville.

Sheriff.

J. J. PACE, Conley.
W. S. ADAMS, Falcon.

Jailer.

PROCTOR PACE, Salyersville.
L. A. H. MINIX, Sublett.
A. L. COOPER, Lickburg.

County Court Clerk.

FRANK BLAIR, Salyersville.

Justice of Peace.

I. F. LEMASTER, Bloomington, Second Magisterial district.

State Senator.

We are authorized to announce CHARLES D. ARNETT, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for State Senator of the 34th Senatorial district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

THURSDAY, JULY 17, - 1913.

SAYS a headline: "Wall street is gambling hell." A newspaper is supposed to print news.

IT IS just a short "whet" until the primary, and, Oh! the suspense and anxiety candidates in Kentucky will endure in the little interim.

AS FRIENDS of the most important factor a county can have for its own good our readers should see that their neighbors patronize THE MOUNTAINEER.

WINCHESTER ministers are indignantly handing Hail Columbia to society folk who are indulging in the tango, bunny hug, turkey trot, kitchen sink and other modern dances.

WE ARE hoping that Magoffin county will realize and appreciate what we are doing to give it the honor of having the best weekly newspaper in the whole State. Within the last ten days we have received many complimentary letters from other editors.

A BRIGHT lad the other night at church espied the fancy work our better half had favored the bosom of our trousers with and ran to his father and exclaimed: "Papa, why don't you subscribe for THE MOUNTAINEER so Mr. Elam can buy himself a pair of breeches?"

THE Louisville Commercial Club has honored ye editor by presenting him with a card which makes us an associate member of that thrifty and enterprising organization. This club is doing miraculous work for the betterment of Louisville and all Kentucky, and we are highly indebted to it for this great compliment.

THE Newlands bill passed both the House and Senate Tuesday morning without rollcall, and was hurriedly prepared for transmission to the White House, where the President was ready to sign it. The bill is to "revise the Erdman law to provide arbitration of wage disputes in a manner satisfactory to railroads and their employees."

TUBERCULOSIS.

We have just received the following article from the State Tuberculosis Commission for publication, and it should be read by all, whether diseased or not:

"A young Louisville mechanic came into the Health Car Exhibit of the Kentucky Tuberculosis Commission when first opened.

"Good exhibit here. Do I look like I had tuberculosis?"

"Not very much," the attendant replied.

"Well, seven years ago two doctors told me I had it and that I had only a few months more to live. My wife had just died from the disease, too. I went to the third doctor, in a little town over in Eastern Kentucky, and he said he could cure me."

"What did the doctor tell you to do?" asked the attendant.

"Told me I had got to do exactly what he said! He didn't give me any medicine to speak of, but followed just about the line of treatment you teach here. For three weeks he wouldn't let me lift my hand to do anything I could keep from doing. He told me what I could eat; gave me lots of eggs and milk; made me stay out-doors all day and sleep with all my windows open at night. In three weeks I was enough better so that I began to do a little work again; and I've been at it ever since. Of course, I ain't what you'd call robust; but still I'm in pretty fair shape and manage to do a day's work every day."

"My wife and I had a child, a boy a year old when the mother died. Folk said that of course with two consumptive parents he could never live. I had to take care of him after his mother died; a lot of work, and I don't suppose I did it as well as a woman could. I've taken care of him in just the same way that I've taken care of myself and now he's just as healthy and strong as any other eight-year boy. Don't tell me that the kids have got to inherit consumption if their parents have it."

THE ONLY FEASIBLE IDEA.

Did you read the article on the State aid idea of building good roads, "What'd Louisville Have to Pay?" in last week's issue of THE MOUNTAINEER? If you did not, look up your copy of that edition and peruse it, and then peruse it again. You are also urged to carefully read one of the same nature appearing this week, and it is to your own and your neighbor's welfare to ponder well and consider wisely the philosophy and commendable virtue of building roads by general taxation. When will Magoffin county, and, yea, all Kentucky, be blessed with good roads unless it be accomplished by taxation? Never! If we refuse to tax ourselves lightly for the sake of gaining modern and substantial thrifdoms we will be finding us plodding these miserable primitive paths of mud and sand until old Gabriel starts his trumpet's blast to echoing and reverberating thru infinite worlds of the dead.

Kentucky is now aroused on all educational, moral and agricultural questions; but what will our children when we are training and culturing so thoroly along all other line imagine of our "up-to-date progress" unless we leave roads for them? A portion of Kentucky's present road system is a disgrace to our 1913 civilization. Therefore, why would any sane and reasonable citizen object to paying a tax, say, five cents to the hundred dollars, toward improving this stigma?

WHY NO ENTERTAINMENT?

Why does Salyersville not have some kind of public amusement and entertainment? Speaking of it, what would be more apropos and ideal than a good, clean and moral moving picture theater? Some of our business men who have a financial surplus would find this sort of investment a very great and town-lifting thing.

What are we to do to show our guests and business visitors a "good time" since we have no manner of place to amuse them? A live picture show is a mighty factor in displaying a town's get-up and business wakefulness, and when conducted rightly affords a

wholesome and virtuous place of pleasure for both young and old. Degrading, did you think? Well, as anything else in the world, a playhouse can be made corrupt or it can be made decent and 'nice.' The moving picture show is endorsed by the pulpit, the school and the press, for it is doing much for educational and religious improvement all over the whole country.

WE CAN JUST CONJECTURE.

We were never, never more surprised and dazed in all our days than when we struck Salyersville and found such a wide-awake lot of business houses, yet whose heads do not recognize the necessity and monstrous worth of advertising. Don't Salyersville merchants consider the enormous and profitable business a little investment for publicity of their goods would result in? Advertising is not an expense; it might justly be compared to loaning money on fifty per cent interest. Then why not let out your money? Why cannot all the business concerns of town co-operate and work shoulder to shoulder toward advancing all progress and enterprises of both Salyersville and Magoffin county?

Eastern Kentucky Literature.

'Are' They?

The farmers are raging in our community. - Smoky Valley cor. Louisa Enterprise.

The Flow' s Bowl.

Quite a crowd attended the meeting held at the Bays graveyard on the Fourth. Some of the boys had to set like they were intoxicated before they could be seen. - Myrtle cor. Big Sandy Monitor.

Quite a Haste, Nearly.

Harrison Hopkins has notified County Clerk Ratliff not to issue a marriage license to Frank Hopkins, his son, and Emma Robinson. He says they have a forged certificate. - Pikeville Progressive.

Curious Fact.

The last time Judge Kinner was a candidate for Judge of this district he was opposed by Judge R. D. Davis, and it is somewhat remarkable that these two men should die so nearly at the same time. Judge Davis died at Huntington on Wednesday, July 2, and Judge Kinner passed away Sunday, July 7. - Louisa News.

Such Wicked Marshals!

A moonshine still was captured on Old House creek last Thursday morning and five gallons of whisky and 500 gallons of beer were destroyed. Marshals Castle and Lewis got so close on the operator that he was compelled to run off and leave his coat, hat and gun. The parties will be arrested, it is said, as they have proof as to who it is. - Morehead Mountaineer.

In a " " of a " " Had Condition, Eh?

"In a hell of a fix," reads a headline in the Courier-Journal, Kentucky's leading newspaper, with "hell" spelled out in full. The Licking Valley Courier is not nor has been trying to imitate its distinguished contemporary, but the word "hell" and the plain old Anglo-Saxon "damn" sometimes occur in its columns when special emphasis is desired and thereupon some of the goody goodies, who if they don't say "damn" live it and act it every day, jump on the editor with all four hoofs at the same time. Who said anything about consistency being a jewel? - Licking Valley Courier.

Says We're All Right.

We notice in the Hazel Green Herald that its protégé, Emin Elam, has had a "streak o' luck" and is now editor-in-chief of the Salyersville paper. The Herald's comment on Mr. Elam's ability as a newspaper man was in no wise exaggerated; and we, too, wish him abundant success. - Campton Courier.

Thanks, Judge Swint, me.

Buy it now. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. Buy it now and be prepared for such an emergency. For sale by M. C. Kash. Adv.

Let us co-operate and show the State what we of Magoffin county are made of - salt of the earth!

CHAT OVERHEARD AT LOCAL STORE

Two Men Discuss the Present Schoolbook Law.

BOTH AGREE IT IS UNJUST.

To Have the County Authorities Select the Children's Schoolbooks Often Means a Hardship For the Parents and a Loss of Valuable Time to the Pupil.

"Say, Bill, somebody told me the county is to select the children's school books for next year."

"Yep, that's what the fellers round the courthouse say. It's a new law again."

"No; I reckon they've gone back to the one we had a good while ago. Well, all I can say is I'm mighty sorry."

"Why? Don't you think our folks can select good schoolbooks?"

"Course they can, but that ain't the point I'm drivin' at. Look here, you're losin' a farm same as I am, ain't you?"

"Well, suppose you buy your boy an' girl a set of books for school next fall, an' then 'bout the Christmas holidays you go over into the Big Hill Skin neighborhood just across the county line."

"By George, I hadn't thought about that side of the question!"

"Course you didn't, 'cause your kids are just little fellers, an' they ain't been to school long. But you wait until you have a whole raft of 'em, like I've got, an' then you'll understand what a big thing it can be. I remember mighty well one time when I moved from one county into another. The move wasn't more than five miles either, an' the new books I had to buy for my four children cost me \$9."

"That's mighty tough, an' I don't wonder you're kickin' about it."

"If the cost of the books was all of it it wouldn't be so bad. I've got a heap bigger kick comin' than just the cost of the books."

"What is it?"

"What hurts me is that sometimes a child'll lose a lot of valuable time. There's my oldest boy. He's goin' on sixteen, an' he's through the eighth grade an' ready for the high school. He'd been through almost two years of high school work if he hadn't lost time changin' from one school to another."

The man was silent for a moment before he continued sadly: "The boy's big for his age, an' now he's goin' to work because he feels he is too big an' old to go through high school. The changin' round means that my boy won't take a high school education like he planned to. Just the other day I saw in a paper where the average pay for the man who had only gone through the eight grades was almost \$100 less than that of the feller who had had a high school course. If that's so my boy'll stand to lose almost \$8,000 in hard money in the next twenty years of his life. He'll lose enough through the changes in his school to buy him a first class farm."

The men were silent again for a few moments. At length one spoke up: "Kinder strange how all of us fellers talk an' plan how things ought to be run at Washington," he said. "We talk of who should be president an' all that. An' we won't take the trouble to try to straighten out a schoolbook law in Kentucky that means money out of our pockets every time we move an' money out of our children's pockets for the rest of their natural lives."

"Say, let's all agree to watch the schools just a little bit, an' let's get busy with our next legislature an' see if we fellers that stand between the play handles an' feed folks can't have things fixed to suit our pocketbooks an' to make it better for our children."

The New Schoolbook Law.

A strong effort is expected to be made at the next session of the general assembly to amend the textbook law, possibly restoring the system of state selection. The present law provides that each county shall choose its own textbooks through a commission composed of a member of the county board, a member of the board of examiners and a county school principal. The old contract will expire next year, and as no selections have ever been made by county commissions those in favor of state selections are desirous of securing legislative action restoring it before the county commissions have a chance to act. Under the old state system the county judges, county superintendents and county attorneys voted on the textbooks and a majority ruled. Some form of legislation will be considered by the Kentucky Educational association at its meeting in Louisville, April 30, and probably a draft of the measure favored by a majority will be prepared for submission to the general assembly. - Editorial Pineville Sun.

WE ARE INTENSELY INTERESTED IN THE ELECTION OF A PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. BUT WE ARE NOT INTERESTED IN THE ELECTION OF THE TRUSTEE WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE COMFORT AND EDUCATION OF OUR CHILDREN.

GEO. CARPENTER, President.
A. T. PATRICK, Vice-President.

F. I. STEPHENS, Cashier.
W. R. MAY, Asst. Cashier.

THE SAYERSVILLE NATIONAL BANK, Salyersville, Kentucky.

CAPITAL, \$25,000.00
SURPLUS, 9,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS, 1,500.00

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

JEFF PRATER, A. T. PATRICK,
GEO. CARPENTER, D. W. GARDNER,
W. L. MAY, H. H. HACKWORTH,
J. F. PRATER.

Church and Lodge Directory of Magoffin County.

SALYERSVILLE.

The Missionary Baptist church: Preaching first Sunday night and third Sunday morning and night; Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; prayer meeting, Wednesday night after first and third Sundays.

United Baptist church: First Saturday and Sunday.

Methodist Episcopal Sunday school and Union Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock.

The Missionary Baptist Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal prayer meeting: Every Thursday night.

F. & A. M.: Friday night on or before full moon in each month.

I. O. O. F.: Every Saturday night.

I. O. R. M.: First and third Thursday nights.

K. O. T. M.: Second and fourth Monday nights.

BRADLEY.

Methodist Episcopal church: Fourth Sunday morning; Sunday school at 9 o'clock.

BUFFALO.

Christian church: Fourth Sunday in each month.

BEECH GROVE.

United Baptist church: Third Saturday and Sunday; Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock.

Missionary Baptist: Fourth Sunday; Sunday school at 9:30.

COLE.

Juniors: First and third Saturday nights of each month.

EDNA.

Church: Third Saturday and Sunday of each month.

FALCON.

Juniors: Second and fourth Saturday nights of each month.

GRAPE CREEK.

Juniors: First and third Saturdays; Odd Fellows, second and fourth Saturdays.

GAPVILLE.

United Baptist: Third Saturday and Sunday at 10 o'clock.

IVYTON.

United Baptist church: Second Saturday and Sunday. Law and Order Society meets on second and fourth Sundays at 1 o'clock.

LICKING RIVER.

Missionary Baptist: First Saturday and Sunday of each month.

LAKEVILLE.

Baptist church: Fourth Saturday and Sunday of each month.

MASH FORK.

Missionary Baptist: Third Saturday and Sunday; Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock.

United Baptist: Fourth Saturday and Sunday of each month.

WHEELERSBURG.

F. & A. M.: Every third Saturday night of each month.

Turkish Postage Stamps.

Because of a passage in the Koran forbidding the making of images, Turkish postage stamps have no picture, but bear instead the sign manual of the sultan, which is, in fact, an impression of his imperial hand. This signature is said to have had its origin with the Sultan Murad I, who, on completing a treaty with the Italian republic of Ragusa in 1365, and being unable to sign his name, applied ink to his open hand and slapped it upon the parchment.

Good Word for Cheese.

The popular idea that cheese is not easily digestible is a delusion. We may, therefore, pass the cheese without passing it up.

Making Mistakes.

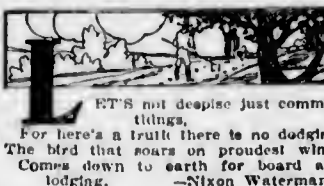
The wisest man is likely to make a mistake, but he isn't the wisest man if he makes another like it.

Result of Procrastination.

The things that are put off until tomorrow are usually finished just twenty-four hours late. - Detroit Free Press.

Take your home paper - \$1.

The KITCHEN CABINET



LET'S not despise just common things.

For here's a truth there is no dodging. The bird that soars on proudest wings Comes down to earth for food and lodging. - Nixon Waterman.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

When a clock refuses to run it is often because it needs oiling, and an easy way to oil it is to saturate a piece of absorbent cotton and place it in the bottom of the clock. The oil will evaporate and oil the works.

A whisk broom is a great convenience in sprinkling clothes.

Old bed spreads are useful for many things. A large part may be used for allance cloths on card tables, or if enough is good, one for a dining table. The smaller pieces may be made double and used as bath mats. The small pieces make fine wash cloths; so every bit may be used.

A small-sized baking powder can, with a few holes punched in the bottom, makes a fine food chopper, and can be used to chop potatoes while they are frying.

If a coffee or spice mill is needed for other grinding, it can be nicely cleaned by running a few dry crackers through it or a little rice.

If velvet bows get mussed on hat or gown, wrap the heated curling tongs with a wet cloth and steam them into shape again.

If sweaters and knitted garments are dried on coat hangers they will look much more shapely.

Bake pumpkin pie in small patty tins and serve with a spoonful of whipped cream on each.

Save all fruit juices to use in frozen dishes or for pudding sauces.

Puffed rice makes much more delicious balls than popcorn, as there are never any hard kernels in the rice to cause discomfort when eating.

When steel knives are laid away, if wrapped in tissue paper they will keep bright.

Nellie Maxwell.

If you are a housewife you cannot reasonably hope to be healthy or beautiful by washing dishes, sweeping and doing household all day, and crawling into bed dead tired at night. You must get out into the open air and sun light. If you do this every day you keep your stomach and bowels open by using Chamberlain's Tablets you will be both healthy and happy. For sale by Dr. M. C. Kash. Adv.

Meddling Stage Directors.

In a recent lawsuit regarding the ownership of a play a stage director testified that in thirty-two years' theatrical experience he had never heard of a play being produced as originally written. "The chief duty of a stage director," he said, "is meddling with manuscripts. I have even heard of stage directors who tried to improve on Shakespeare by revamping his works."

Kentucky: Mountaineer.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 Per Annum.

In and All About Salyersville:

How sweet and delicious the breezes;
Do seem;
After boiling days they feel like
A dream.

Judge Harry Ramey held a session of police court this week.

John Hale, Sr., is suffering from a severe attack of colic.

Our friend Dale Sublett has been on the sick list for a week.

Miss Mary Blakemore, of Shelbyville, is a guest of Mrs. John Patrick.

Miss Margaret Pendleton is visiting her sister, Mrs. Irvine Patrick, at Bloomington.

Little Robert Edmond May, who has been sick for a couple of weeks, is convalescent.

Mrs. W. A. Hazelrigg is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank Carter, at West Liberty, she having gone there last week.

E. W. Pendleton left this morning for Cannel City on a business trip. He will be absent only a couple of days.

Mrs. W. L. May returned Monday from West Liberty, where she visited her daughter, Mrs. Dorsie Keeton, for a week.

Senator E. E. Hogg is stump-ing this county. He spoke at the courthouse Saturday. This is an advertisement, but there's no bill.

Glenn Sublett and Bruce Litteral spent last week at Huntington, W. V., on a business and pleasure trip, returning Friday.

Miss Lizzie Adams, of Paintsville, who has been visiting J. P. Adams and family for a couple of months, left Tuesday for home.

The Methodist Ladies' Aid met yesterday afternoon with Mrs. C. L. Stephens. Cake, grape juice and fruits were served as refreshments.

Deputy United States Marshal Asbury Patrick came in on the Paintsville hack last night from Covington, for a visit with relatives and friends here.

Mrs. R. C. Adams and son, Richmond, returned on Saturday from West Virginia, where the family lived for several months. The doctor will arrive later.

For soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. This relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by Dr. M. C. Kash.

Our local news matter is short indeed this issue from the fact that this has been a most uneventful week in Salyersville and vicinity. Tell us always of any news you may know and we will appreciate the favor greatly.

Did you ever stop and think of how the county newspaper reflects upon the community in which it is published? Therefore, if we have pride in Salyersville it is everybody's duty to assist in making THE MOUNTAINEER breezy and filling it with ads.

Harrison Cooper and Miss Fannie Adams, of this place, went to spend the Fourth at Ashland, and while there decided to tie themselves together forever in the holy bonds of matrimony. We did not learn when the marriage took place, however. The bride is a daughter of Jilson Adams. THE MOUNTAINEER wishes them, well.

Prof. K. C. Goodman, writing from Richmond, states that he will be here to open our public school Monday, July 28. He requests us to invite all patrons to present at the opening. He also says that he will give the farmers of Magoffin County free instructions in agriculture along the lines of grafting, spraying, selections of seed, etc.

A Sort of Censure.

HAZEL GREEN, July 14.
My Dear Boy—Congratulations on your improving appearance of everything. But you are giving people too much reading. Merchants ought to come with some advertising—ought to demonstrate a little energy and get-up. Don't you do it all. Go after 'em and make 'em advertise. All's well.
Truly, &c.,
SPENCER COOPER.

Hotel Arrivals.

The following persons have registered at the Prater House this week: Mr. Hite, Huntington, W. Va.; James Salisbury, Prestonburg; Ed F. Manator, Columbus, Ohio; Clyde Sanders, Nashville, Tenn.; J. A. Hazlett, Paintsville; E. F. McDermott, Louisville; John H. Patrick, Burning fork; Mrs. N. E. Noland, Paintsville; L. J. Webb, Ironton, Ohio.

The following have been at the Phoenix Hotel this week: J. W. Ramey, Ashland; Charles H. Hilmer, St. Louis, Mo., and some whose names we did not secure.

Tommy Honaker, of Ivyton, Killed.

The people of Ivyton were greatly shocked Monday afternoon when Tommy Honaker was instantly killed in the narrows of Jenny's creek by a small chestnut tree that was being felled for a cross-tie. The tree balanced over a dogwood and the butt hit him in the breast, bearing him to the ground, and mashing his face and breaking his neck. He died without uttering a word. Mr. Honaker leaves a wife, two children, a father and two brothers to mourn his loss. His remains were interred in Rice graveyard Tuesday afternoon.

Men Who Appreciate Artistic Printing.

Within the last few days we have turned out job printing for J. H. Wilson, candidate for assessor; W. J. Patrick, candidate for county judge; W. A. May, candidate for county judge; Dave Rudd, candidate for jailer; L. C. Bailey, candidate for county judge; S. S. Elam, candidate for superintendent of schools; Glenn Sublett, M. F. Patrick, Robert Reed and others. Let all others who care for good printing patronize our job department.

Big Sunday School Picnic at Ivy Point.

The Methodist church held a big Sunday school picnic on Ivy Point, just below town, Sunday. Services were held in the morning on the grounds, after which dinner was spread. A large crowd was in attendance and everything passed off as merry as a marriage bell. The church folk showed that they were excellent entertainers, and everybody is loud in praise of the day's outing.

Uncle Sam's Boys Off.

Captain J. S. Cisco pulled out early Tuesday morning with his sixty-five State Guards for Paintsville, at which point he boarded the train for Middletown, where he is now participating in the big State encampment. The company drilled several days prior to departure, and Captain Cisco is quite sure that his mountain soldier boys will produce much envy.

Enough for Twelve—or Twenty-Four.

The casual brother says there will be one or two dozen people at luncheon. He will telephone us 15 minutes before they arrive. Yes, really, that's the best he can do. So we prepare for one or two dozen people, and they must sit down to luncheon because men hate a buffet meal. We struggle with the problem, how many chickens are required for 12 or 24 people? The answer, however, is really obvious. Enough for 24 will be enough for 12. —Katharine Baker, to the Atlas.

The Wrong Burns.

At the town of Ayr, two miles out of Glasgow, stands the cottage built by William Burns, in which his son Robert was born. A Californian, who was in Scotland recently, was asked if he would like to see the cottage of William Burns. "Sure, I'll go," responded the American, "but I'm blessed if I see how he finds time to live there very much."

Have you done the painting, you are put under the

The Patent Dictionary.

Affinity—Woman you should have married, but didn't.
Pessimist—A fellow who Fletcherizes his bitter pills.
Common Sense—About the most uncommon thing we meet in the world.

Remorse—What we feel when fall is doing what we shouldn't have done.

Memory—A faculty that is most kind to those who have learned to forget.

Experience—The doctor that cures us of our follies.

Marriage—A lottery in which it has become fashionable to take more than one choice.

Jollier—A fellow who advises us to look on the bright side when there isn't any.

Hard-luck Story—The one that never gets published.

Elastic Phrase—Five minutes' walk from the station.

Love—One of the diseases that we soon outgrow.

Ambition—A greased pole we pick out to climb. —Judge.

Had the Dough in Mind.

That the net increasing the pay of members of the Legislature from \$5 to \$10 per day was passed by those solons who never intended to "e me back" is evident from the fact that nearly every member of the last House who is seeking re-election in the country districts is making claim to having voted against the bill. This recalls the funny situation that prevailed when the bill was up for passage of members who for obvious reasons voted against the increase being among the busiest to get others differently situated to vote for the raise in per diem. In this connection there is no doubt about whether hold-over Senators in the next General Assembly are entitled to the increase in pay. —Mt. Sterling Gazette.

New Bank for Whitesburg.

The Whitesburg National Bank organization has been completed. The following are officers for the new bank: John F. Fitzpatrick, president; H. T. Day and S. G. Fairchild, vice presidents; W. H. Centney, of Winchester, cashier. The bank will begin business next week. It will have a capital of \$25,000.

Decay of Glass.

Few persons who have seen the decay of ancient glass realize that the prismatic hues they see are a result of the decay of the glass. When disintegration sets in the surface of the glass splits into exceedingly thin laminae, which, as the sun light traverses them, give rise to a splendid play of colors. Like the leaves of a forest, these delicate glasses realize their approaching dissolution by becoming more beautiful. —Harper's Weekly.

His Intentions.

"Young man," said Major Blackbrow, with a lowering glance at Chollie. "I happened to see you last night with your arm about my daughter's waist. May I inquire your intentions, sir?" "Why, sure, major," replied the blooming Chollie. "I intend to put it there every chance I get." —Harper's Weekly.

Inside Information is the costly, valuable ingredient that figures most prominently in all business deals.

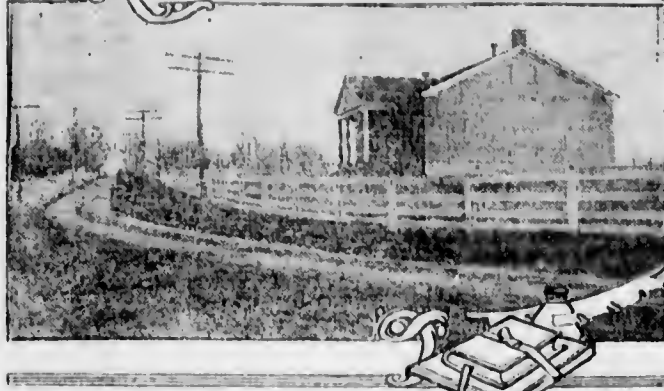
There is a wealth of "Inside Information" in the want ads.

Many business men whose preeminent success is attributed to a highly developed foresight and shrewdness, are in reality making daily use of this want ad "Inside Information."

Kentucky's Consolidated Schools

CHILDREN are very much like their parents. They do enjoy a good time with congenial people of their own age. In any one room schoolhouse, no matter how fine it may be, the chances are that there will be very few children in the upper grades. These older children crave companionship and often drop out of school for no other reason. In fact, it is not at all unusual to overhear conversations like the following: "What's the matter? You ain't going to stop school?" "Yes; I'm goin' to stop. I'm past fifteen." "But you ain't through school yet?" "No; I know I ain't, but I'm tired to death of goin' to school every day with a big bunch of little kids. I don't like the boys to see me walkin' with all those youngsters taggin' along the road with me. I'm goin' to stop tomorrow."

If parents would only question their children of school age carefully they would soon gain their individual viewpoint. The child's viewpoint may not



GREENDALE CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL.

be well taken; but, nevertheless, it is a view of the school and therefore has value. It is always good policy to SECURE EVERY EDUCATIONAL OFFICIAL. The small school can never afford the pleasure and the exhilaration which large numbers of children of the same school age can give. The consolidated schools are particularly strong in this hold upon the older pupils.



ATHLETES, MAYSLICK CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL, MASON CO.

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How Can They Get to School?

WHenever any one speaks of the consolidation of several schools the above question is at once asked, as though it settled the whole matter for all time to come. There is an almost universal feeling against consolidation in many rural districts. There is a feeling that the children should get to school as their parents and grandparents did.

In several sections where consolidated schools have been established in this state and there are many such sections at the writing, the pupils go



GOING TO CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL IN MASON COUNTY

back and forth to school on the interurban cars. Naturally, this plan is a very great success. In other sections where there are no trolley lines wagons are used. Some of these wagons are built to accommodate as many as twenty children, so that the cost of transportation per child is not great after the original investment in the wagon is taken out.

"Too expensive," some one says. Well, that depends on what you mean



TRANSPORTATION TO GREENDALE SCHOOL, FAYETTE CO.

by expensive. It may cost a little more money to get the children to and from school, but there will be fewer colds and coughs to contend with. There will be fewer children behind in their studies because they could not get to school on account of the weather. It is at least worth looking into, especially as some neighborhoods in the state are using transportation with great success and satisfaction to the general public.

Classified \$ Column

RATES.
We will publish notices from farmers absolutely free so long as their advertisements are confined to help wanted, land for rent, produce for sale, etc. We want them to feel that they are not imposing upon our liberality, but to remail us with notices that do not exceed fifteen words.

FOR SALE—A farm of 125 acres; 22 acres in bottom land and one-fourth mile on Licking river; 50 acres in timber; price, \$2,000. I will exchange to mineral or timbered lands. P. M. Elam, Elam.

FOR SALE—1913 model motor cycles, motor boats and used motor cycles at bargain prices. All makes, brand new machines, on easy monthly payment plan. Get our proposition before buying or you will regret it. Write today. Enclose stamp for reply. Address Lock Box 11, Trenton, Mich.

ADVANTAGE OF LIBRARIES.

Miss Caroline Hawkins, librarian of the Hartford public library, says that there are only fifteen states in the Union that have no library commissions. She cites the state of North Carolina as an illustration of the advantage of libraries. Eighty-two per cent. of the population is in the country. Seventy-seven federated women's clubs in the state assist with funds and there are eighty study libraries; the largest, at Raleigh, has 11,000 volumes and an income of \$3,000.

SIMPLE, ONCE YOU KNOW.

"How do you manage to keep your cook, Mrs. Enfield? You have had the present one several years, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mary has been with us ever since we began housekeeping. I find it easy enough to keep her. Whenever any of our neighbors offers her a dollar a week more than I'm paying her I give her a raise of a dollar and a half. It's very simple."

RECENT ACQUISITION.

"What is that awful knock on your forehead?"

"That is my bump of adversity."

"Bump of adversity? That's a new one on me."

"It's a new one on me, too. I got it this afternoon when my head came in contact with a beam in the cellar."

Giving Away the Secret.

Willing to have his neighbors think he was a fine musician, Brown installed a mechanical piano near a front window of his home, where he spent hours each day peddling out melodies. "Your father is a great piano player, isn't he?" one of the neighbors remarked to Brown's boy William one afternoon. "Yep," replied William, "but it makes his feet awful sore."

During the summer months mothers of young children should watch for unnatural looseness of the bowels. When given prompt attention at this time serious trouble may be avoided. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon. For sale by Dr. M. C. Kash.

To Escape the Storm.

Many, many storms there are that blow low and hug the ground; and the way to escape them is to go up the mountain side, and get higher than they are. —Henry Ward Beecher.

THE MOUNTAINEER and his easy of mind and heart.

More property is sold through classified advertising every year than is sold through agents.

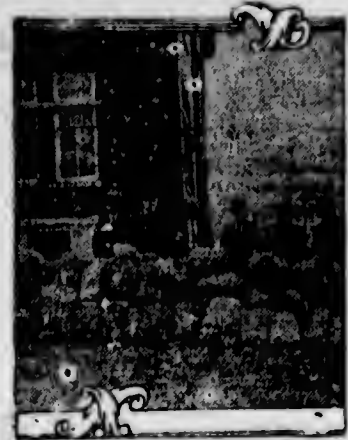
Compare the cost of a want ad with the customary commission charged.

The agent has many properties among which to divide his selling efforts.

A want ad finds the party who wants your property in a few days.

Discarding Old Traditions.

The present year has seen a great impetus given to the fruit growing interests in Kentucky. Two different sections of the state have launched extensive co-operative apple growing associations. Both in Rowan and in Hardin counties the work has been helped and developed by our state department of agriculture. The department has furnished these counties



60,000 NEWLY GRAFTED APPLE TREES with four standard varieties of apple trees five of charge and has also agreed to advise and train the members of the association in the care and general cultivation of the young trees and orchards during the next five years.

When the newly grafted young trees were received by the association in Rowan county they were divided among the members, to be placed in home gardens for the summer's growth. In Hardin county it was decided best to plant and cultivate the 60,000 young trees in one nursery plot. While plans were being discussed as to the best place and manner of caring for this nursery work the agricultural class of the county high school offered to take the trees and carry them through the summer until transplanting time next autumn.

Just next to the high school at Elizabethtown a fertile piece of soil land was broken and carefully prepared for the tender young stock. The day the planting took place was made something of a gala day for the students, especially as two experts from the state agricultural station, a government expert and a Louisville newspaper man came to inspect the work.

When the 60,000 trees, enough to set 1,500 acres, were stacked in the side yard they did not look as if they would require much time to plant. But after the bundles were opened and they



high school boys setting out young stock. bunches that could be held in one hand were seen to contain seventy-five or a hundred small trees the boys started first at the bundles and then at the well worked ground.

The splendid part of this work lies in the fact that the high school is stepping outside of the old, narrow, dusty limits of educational tradition and is doing something of very definite value for the community. It will undoubtedly be of great benefit to the boys who do the work, their fathers, their friends and neighbors. In gaining a new viewpoint of what education will mean in the coming years.

The development of Kentucky's resources should be the first aim of every citizen, and when the enormous practical value of this work is realized it will give a great impetus to every form of agricultural endeavor.

If this work is a pronounced success this year it will naturally mean a wider use of agriculture and horticulture in our rural high schools over the whole state. When this comes it will also mean that each community will be willing to put much larger sums of money into its school than it has in the past. Let us hope that many high schools will follow this splendid start.

Elam's Platform.

"For better school houses, better equipment, and better schools for the 5,000 school children of Magoffin county."

If you are in favor of this platform, vote for him and speak to your neighbor-voter, in his favor. These 5,000 children of Magoffin will rise up to thank you for thus helping them, to come into possession of one of the greatest assets of the race, an education.

S. S. ELAM.

Little Miss Roberta Elam, of Fairview Farm, is spending several days with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Elam, of Elam, Morgan county.

Written for THE MOUNTAINEER.

The Whims of God;

Or,

Col. Llewellyn's Infidel.

BY BOB HENLOCK.

I was scanning each sentence to test the rhythm and executing deliberate precaution with my penmanship, of which I was very proud, in the letter I was inditing to my betrothed, Dolly Llewellyn. I was employed as bookkeeper at Whitesburg. Suddenly a thunderclap of human voices floated thru my open window. I walked to the window and observed the cause—the first passenger train that made a thru run to the upper mountain country. You saw or have read of the rest—how flowers were hurled upon the train and how the ribbons of steel were decorated with mountain blossoms by appreciative mountain folk. But I had no courage to help celebrate; I had been dismissed from my desk because I had made an inopportune or—unintentionally, I assure you; but I couldn't get a chance to assure the flint-hearted boss. I was christened crooked.

Hence I had nothing to do but return to Salyersville and wear away the stigma by erosion, as it were. I posted my epistle to the flower of my dreams. Three days later I followed it, loopy with determination to take her home to my bosom forthwith.

The day following my starting I rode down Licking river beneath a shall w river of pretty fog. Old Sol shot his fire thru the mist and gave the day a glorious, more-beautiful-than-earth-affords aspect.

I was headed for Dolly's home to beg her to not believe the accusation against me and to urge that she mention the day when my joy would be absolute. She

—not boasting because I had been able to win her—was beautiful. The hackneyed phrase does not half express it; but beautiful when analyzed means a great deal, and my lexicographer has no better word. To corroborate my statement—she was as famous as Venus in her own neighborhood and even in Salyersville, above which she lived only a mile with just her father, Col. Joshua Llewellyn. I had as many rivals as a hobo has cock-and-bull stories at the back door. The chief one was Harry Rogers, an imported young son of Stonega, Virginia, who was as notorious as Satan himself because of his infidelity. He was rich—something I was not—and for that reason and because his religious belief ran in the same channel as his own, Col. Llewellyn encouraged Dolly to "take" the Virginian and set me afloat upon River Love. Notwithstanding her father's desire, Dolly, as I have said, had put her hand in my hand and promised to lock her heart within my heart with the nonpickable nuptial key.

My horse doubtlessly understood my hurry and galloped on so much the speedier. I was now within a mile of my frau's-to-be home. What! As I sighted the Llewellyn cemetery I saw that a funeral was in progress. It could not be that Dolly was dead! I topped an imminence from which I could plainly view the movement. My heart fell to zero as I gazed.

I heard a big-voiced preacher praying: "Oh, God, be merciful; he that not of what he was teaching his fellowmen. He did not believe in you, but, we pray thee, be merciful." I could understand no more. Could it be Rogers dead? No; it was Col. Joshua Llewellyn! God had snatched him and his ex-aggravated agnosticism from the universe so I would inherit Dolly and live in holy reverence of the Lamb. I knew it!

I proceeded. At the bottom of the cemetery hill sat Dolly on a bench beside—curse him! She excused herself from Rogers and came to me. (Fearful that my romantic readers are too sensitive, I will not reproduce her words here.) But the sum total was this: Old Josh had, with his last breath, requested Dolly to marry Rogers; and she, poor half-superstitious girl, could not tell a dying father no! And consequently I there was handed a ring to adorn some other girl's finger with!

What a deceptive, uncertain, nasty old world we have!

I galloped on into town. I had nothing to live for now but mother. Well, I could silently curse the luckiest cur on earth and old Joshua—if to curse a dead man were not worse than his own infidelity and action toward myself—and secretly look upon Dolly as

she should perambulate the avenues and streets.

On the Sunday following I went whither a little card had invited me—to Dolly Llewellyn's funeral (I mean wedding.) "Mellow wedding bells"—bah! Their "tintinnabulation" plainly told me: "Dolly is yours, and old Joshua and that snark ought to be in the sulphur filled world they denied for stealing her from you!"

The preacher—curse him, too!—came in and said something—I could scarcely tell what—but this is the best I remember it:

"Do you solemnly promise to take this angel and convert her into a female devil with your infidelity and within a month call her a wench because she really belongs to Emerson Hoskins?"

"Spit on you," answered Roger; at least, that's what I understood.

"I prefer Mr. Hoskins, in the audience," I believe Dolly said.

I left that damnable and quite disgusting affair fairly sickened with this thing dubbed human life. I wouldn't have gone but for the hope that God would lay His just hand on Rogers and quoth, Nay! I thought He would, and half believed that I would get to pluck the Dolly Blossom and wear it in triumph to another infidel's funeral. But God displayed one of His whims and answered not my unuttered prayer.

I sauntered immediately home and planted myself by the window, not caring if I sprouted.

Holy blizzards! I was scarcely in my chair before five horsemen dashed up the street, yelling like fools. I secured my sombrero and bolted for the street. I saw them rush impudently up to the wedding procession and drag the groom into a saddle that one fellow emptied. (Joy! I hoped they would mas-accr him! But they didn't.) And he forgot his wife, and, yelling coherently, they rode out of town.

Two hours later I could not refrain from going to see Dolly and inquire of the trouble. But she was puzzled herself and absolutely "at sea."

Again I was alone with Dolly!—but not my Dolly Llewellyn. "Only God conceives my distress, dear Emerson," she whispered confidentially. "You know I love you—forgive me, I know God will—more than I do my husband, wherever he is now. But now you must leave me forever—lest we be observed together ere the ceremony's echo is dead."

"Prithee, Dolly, won't you—?" But she caught what I was going to ask, and cooed, "Yes, and then you must go." And she—after going thru that strange matrimonial rehearsal—actually kiss me!

Then sallied forth I. Sad? To quite an unlimited extent.

Seven days later Dolly came to me and presented a letter bearing these strange, inspiring yet doubly welcome (to me) words:

"Mrs. Rogers: We brought your dear husband off to help defend his own father in a clan fight in Virginia. Cheer up. He is dead. He accidentally shot himself, however. We sympathize with you. You will get \$10,000 of his money. No other deaths happened. "Your friends," "THE FIVE."

I crushed her to my breast—but received a first-rate chastisement for my rashness.

"Fudge! fudge! Not a cent of that dead hedgehog's money do you accept!" I assured her positively. "Wipe up those make-believe tears, and when I return from my three-month trip to Atlantic City—then, O then! Meantime complete that lesson in 'The Celts' which I assigned you before I went to Whitesburg."

I abbreviated my trip—cause, obvious—and on my return found a letter of apology from the big Whitesburg concern.

Three weeks up—or down?—time Dolly's wedding bells were encoring (if you'll pardon my way of saying it.) Marry a widow? I didn't care—it was Dolly all the same! and unklissed by old Joshua Llewellyn's infidel, too. "Hear the bells, wedding bells, thru the balmy air of light—how they ring out their delight!"

And—thank the God who protected Dolly for me—our officiating clergyman told me immediately after I became a Benedict that the "preacher" who recited the ceremony for Rogers was a wandering fake.

Albeit He is infinite and just, doesn't it seem a bit whimsical—this suspense and inconvenience forordained for Dolly and me?

THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER is more than ready and willing at any time to say a good word for Salyersville and Magoffin county and their people. Is there a feeling reciprocity, then?

The Man Whose Service Magoffin County Needs.



PROFESSOR S. S. ELAM,

Logical Candidate for Superintendent of Public Schools.

"ADMIRABLY EQUIPPED."

LEXINGTON, KY., April 25, 1906.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: It gives me great pleasure to recommend Mr. S. S. Elam for any position for which he may offer in the line of school work. He is admirably equipped for this work, and is one of the growing, progressive school men of the State. He is so regarded by his fellow school men, who have weighed him in State Teachers' Associations, as well as in the school. I most cheerfully recommend him.

Very truly,

M. A. CASSIDY.

"MERITS CONSIDERATION."

FRANKFORT, KY., May 29, 1906.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I take pleasure in bearing testimony to the many excellencies of head and heart of my young friend, Mr. S. S. Elam. He is a graduate of the State College of Kentucky and stood very high in all his classes and did excellent work. He is a gentleman in the fullest acceptance of the term, and merits the consideration and esteem of all with whom he may come in contact. I cheerfully commend him as worthy and well qualified in every respect. Yours very truly,

J. H. FUQUA, SR., Superintendent Public Instruction.

Correspondence.

Important News of Magoffin County That You Get Nowhere Save Thru THE MOUNTAINEER.

Gifford.

Public school opened at this place today.

Madison Gullett, of this place, opens his school at Vanderpool today.

Quite a lot of people of this vicinity attended church on Cow creek Sunday.

Three of Gifford's boys left with Cole & Cooper's show as it passed thru here. They were Edgar Rice, Burns May and Raleigh Gibson. We wish them good luck and a safe return.

July 14.

JUDGE.

Dysentery is always serious and often a dangerous disease, but it can be cured. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy has cured it even when malignant and epidemic. For sale by M. C. Kash Adv.

Pledge Fulfilled.

According to a pledge that I made last fall, I have deposited five dollars (\$5.00) in the Salyersville Bank, subject to be checked out by the Teacher's Institute and used as prizes for the school children—similar to the School Fair held last year. If any person or firm will add to this fund I shall place their name and amount on this list.

Join in and let us have one of the best School Fairs in the State this year.

S. S. ELAM.

Sand Cure for Fatigue.
One of the most efficacious cures for fatigue from overwork consists in walking barefoot in sand. The nerves of the sole and heel are slightly irritated by coming in contact with the grains and accelerate the circulation of the blood in all parts of the body. The effect is highly invigorating. Besides the monotony of an ample exercise, yellow sand exercises a beneficial effect on the brain which induces sleep.—Harper's Weekly.

Unappreciated Ardor.

"Darling!" he cried, passionately, throwing himself upon his knees before her and rolling up his eyes toward the chandelier, "darling, can you not see, can you not guess that I love you?" "Well," she replied, coolly, gazing at the disheveled youth on the rug, "I'd hate to think that this was just your natural way of behaving in company."

Flashlights on Swedish Railroads.
It is reported that the Swedish State railway authorities have decided to adopt flashlights on their signaling system.

Have us to print your letter heads, envelopes, cards, bills, statements, etc., etc., and be home enterprising.

"Cured"

Mrs. Jay McGee, of Stephenville, Texas, writes: "For nine (9) years, I suffered with womanly trouble. I had terrible headaches, and pains in my back, etc. It seemed as if I would die, I suffered so. At last, I decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and it helped me right away. The full treatment not only helped me, but it cured me."

TAKE

Cardui

The Woman's Tonic

Cardui helps women in time of greatest need, because it contains ingredients which act specifically, yet gently, on the weakened womanly organs. So, if you feel discouraged, blue, out-of-sorts, unable to do your household work, on account of your condition, stop worrying and give Cardui a trial. It has helped thousands of women—why not you? Try Cardui. E-71

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Wise.
Friend—"The public will miss you now you have left the stage." Actor—"That's why I left. I dislike being hit"—London Standard.

A girl's hair is invariably like a barn—full of rats.